



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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EDITED BY MRS. SARAH R. I. BENNETT.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,

No. 29 East 29th Street,

Box 4740.

NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian,

EVERY FAMILY APART.

In view of the approaching day of humiliation and prayer, appointed by the President, we would begin to ask, "What is my duty in this matter?" We are very much like the children of Israel in the days of old, when they were in the land of Canaan and had trouble among their own tribes. Some of our tribes have become rebellious, and therefore great calamities are upon us, all over the land.

Cities, towns and families, are but parts of the whole, and we must each use honest self-examination and find out what share we have had in bringing down the just vengeance of a righteous God. Sin and iniquity have surely brought about these terrible results, and the worst, yet to come, can only be averted by repentance and turning to the Lord. The Jews knew that when the hand of the Lord was against them, there was a cause for the chastening—neither would we dare to shut our eyes against this truth; there is a cause why we

flee before our enemies, why business is in such a state of stagnation—though the consequence of the war, yet there is a necessity for this kind of rod. Our folly, pride and extravagance could only be checked by having their supplies cut off. Our humiliation cannot be satisfactory except we *know why* we humble ourselves. A vague, indefinite feeling, in company with the masses, will not be of any use; we must lay our finger upon our own transgressions. The business man may look back upon the mornings and evenings of God's holy day given to the duties of the six days—something *he* thought an important necessity; but God did not think so. Oh, if the church of Christ was only free from this guilt, well would it be for us as a nation. The eagerness for riches has trampled upon God's law, as well as upon hearts and affections. Sabbath desecration is a raging sin all over the land; we have sometimes thought, "Is God as strict to mark this iniquity as in other days?" We find He is a long-suffering God, but notes all these things in His book of remembrance.

Going to preach and to hear preaching is an excuse for the passing car in holy time; then may not open, honest, pleasure-seekers also use the same vehicle to convey them to their places of entertainment? Ferries and rail-roads do twice the business on the Sabbath, that they do on other days. There is a right and a wrong in this matter, in the estimation of some. It is not safe to trample on the law of God; that is plain. The Capitol of our nation has been famous for this and we have sometimes feared that such wrath is heaped up against us, that it will be necessary for it to be purged by fire. In company with a multitude of other sins, the heathen ambassadors there officially trod upon our Sabbath. And in the present time, any little emergency is of more importance than God's command. We forget that we are a professedly-Christian nation, but do just like the papal or heathen nations, and set

aside the fourth commandment to please any whim of foreigner or native. A soldier has said, if a march was to begin, or any other work to be done, it was sure to come on the Sabbath. If the flag has been lifted up, the law of God has been trailed in the dust. Regiments must start on the Sabbath and put the whole city or village in an uproar. Even the parade about the lamented dead must be on the Sabbath; there seems to be a peculiar facility in timing these things to bring them to pass upon the Sabbath day. The time of reckoning with us nationally and personally is come and coming, and is it not our duty, as cities, communities, churches and families, to look not only the evils in the face, but turn from the course of conduct in ourselves which has aided, through our influence and example, the iniquities now bringing upon us the just retribution of the God of nations? There is hope for us if we repent, for it is in His love that He afflicts, that we might not have run ourselves into inevitable ruin.

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, country, marvel of the earth!

Oh, realm, to sudden greatness grown!

The age that gloried in thy birth,

Shall it behold thee overthrown?

Shall traitors lay that greatness low?

No, land of hope and blessing; No!

* * * * *

And they who founded in our land,

The power that rules from sea to sea,

Bled they in vain, or vainly planned

To leave their country great and free?

Their sleeping ashes, from below,

Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long

These sister States were proud to wear,

And forged the kindly links so strong,

For idle hands in sport to tear—

For scornful hands aside to throw?

No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with its bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the Arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
That mighty Arm which none can stay—
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

CHILDREN IN HISTORY.

WE argue the value of children from the place God has given them in the history of our race. A great part have they borne in the annals of the world, as accessories indeed, and yet so as to show that God has bound up their destiny with that of adult mankind. Three kinds of footprints have been left upon the sands of time: the print of man's heavier foot: the print of women's foot, deeper because of the babe she bore in her arms: the print of childhood's foot, lightest and least, yet distinct. Earth saw no children in her primeval estate. Paradise restored shall be full of them: Paradise lost had none. And if we were allowed to reason from human affections as they now kindle, we might almost say, had children been there, that Paradise had not been lost. The mother of mankind, for love of her children, might have shrunk from that awful gulf into which she plunged herself. In the Paradise of home how often have children broken the spell of the serpent. Many a man and woman has been saved by them from the pathway of ruin: many are now in heaven who but for their children would have been lost forever.

Through all the trials and wanderings of the people of God, in their joys and in their perils, in their captivity, and in their return, children were with them. When the redemption for which all history had been preparing began its consummation, it began in the form of a child. All prophets had spoken of that holy child. The first Adam was formed a man: the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, came as a babe. The Sovereign of the universe took on him our nature, passed through childhood, laying in it the foundation of His work. When He was breathing his earliest breath, the innocents of Bethlehem, the unconscious proto-martyrs of the new dispensation, shed their blood for Him who came to die for them; van of the noble army of the martyrs of Christ, types of His innocent suffering and guiltless death. Dying in His place, shadowing as it was His vicarious sacrifice, they were the first messengers from earth to tell in heaven, that the great battle of the Lord, which is to be won

by yielding life, not by taking it, the battle in which death is not loss but victory, had begun. They were the earliest to help in filling up the full measure of the suffering of the Saviour, who is to suffer in his loved ones as well as in His own person: they were the earliest to share in the consummation of the Saviour's glory, who is to be glorified in His redeemed ones as well as in himself. When Jesus came to Jerusalem on his last journey, children shouted hosanna. And the song of children to their Saviour, then begun, never ceased. In the catacombs, those long mines beneath the city of Rome, in which are hidden treasures more precious than gold, jewels which the resurrection morn shall bring forth to shine forever, in those catacombs are inscriptions, which tell that the ashes hidden in some of their crypts are those of children, who died because they would not deny Jesus. Their little bones yet remain to witness to the early years in which they passed through martyrdom to heaven.

Christ has never moved through our world without being followed by children. The pilgrim-fathers of our churches bore with them their children on the mighty deep and the blood of their young feet was shed on the thorns of the pathway through the wilderness. Whatever these pioneers of the faith through all ages succeeded in making their children, determined the failure or success of their most deeply-laid plans. No matter how vigorous they were as sowers, unless they trained their children so that they became reapers and gleaners, the harvest was lost. But the harvest of divinely-directed plans was not lost; for the children of the saints proved equal to the portion of responsibility their God gave them. Inimitably appropriate was our Saviour's quotation of the eighth Psalm: it seems as if the Holy Spirit had left the words there for the occasion on which He quoted them. "When the chief priests and scribes saw the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David, they were sore displeased and said unto Him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Yes, God has done it through all time. What the children of earth are, earth will be. We are to recognize this great fact. We are not as a mere commonplace of declamation to accept the proposition, that the children of this fair land are to decide its future. It must be to us a solemn fact; we must bow before the awful responsibility it involves; we must meet it. The wickedness of the adult part of our nation cannot destroy it if generations of holy children are to succeed them; and no virtues of an adult generation can save our land, if godless children are to follow that generation and undo all its work. Our cry must be, "Give God the children," give them to us for Him and He will train them, and we will co-work with Him in training them into a glorious army, before which His foes and those of our

land shall be swept away, and righteousness and peace, and joy shall fill it from sea to sea.
—*The Lutheran.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

THE morning sun with brightest beams
Arose to chase the night away,
As I awoke from careless dreams,
To greet the rosy dawn of day.
I gazed upon the radiant sky,
That seemed all tinged with rainbow light,
Until, with wearied heart and eye,
I turned me from the scene so bright.

The hours passed on, and noontide came
With flooding radiance o'er the earth;
And I looked out upon the train
Of busy life and worldly mirth.
A still, small voice within my heart,
Then whispered low, "Why stand ye here?
Go forth in the great city's mart,
Amid the homes of men, nor fear,
For I am with thee, "Feed my lambs."
I wandered forth, and onward strayed
Far past the marble walk where bands
Of sweet-faced, happy children played,
And turned me down the narrow way,
That seemed too close for Heaven's light,
To enter, and make glad the day
That dawned upon the poor man's sight.
Ah! here I found my work to do,
The cup of water given to one,
To others bread and water too,
Were happiest deeds I e'er had done.

Oh, brother! sister! "why stand ye
All the day idle? Go ye out
From fashion's gilded halls to be
Like unto Him who went about
To do good ever. Then shalt thou
Receive the great reward, "Well done;"
And with a harp and crown shall bow
With angels at thy Saviour's throne.

ADA EVELYN.

New York, Aug., 1861.

TEMPER.

BY MRS. ELIZA W. CLARK.

Mrs. HOWARD quietly opened the door of the room, and stood for a moment, an unobserved and grieved spectator of the scene transpiring within. Little Ada had hold of her sister's dress, and was crying to see the pictures in a book which Helen held in her hand; while the latter, evidently under the excitement of strong passion, freed herself from the child's grasp, and shaking her violently, exclaimed, "You must learn you are not to plague me so, you naughty, hateful girl!"

This was done too quickly to allow of Mrs. Howard's interference, but she stepped forward in time to prevent little Ada from falling against the bureau, in consequence of the force with which her sister pushed her away. Helen's face crimsoned with conflicting emotions when she saw her mother. "She would not let me read in peace," she said, apologizingly; "she has been teasing me ever since I came in, and

caught hold of me to prevent my leaving the room."

"You can leave the room now," said Mrs. Howard. "Go immediately to your own chamber; but first hand me that book; I wish you to have nothing to divert your mind from reflections upon this disgraceful scene."

Helen obeyed. Hour after hour passed away wearily in her solitude. It was Saturday, and she had anticipated a pleasant excursion that afternoon with some favorite companions; but there she sat—the dinner, brought in by a servant, untasted—while the tears rained down her face; not for her disappointment, only, for Helen, with all her irritability, was a girl of warm and deep affections. Dearly did she love the little sister, whom she had so harshly treated, and her heart yearned for the privilege of atoning for the morning's unkindness. "Dear little Ada!" she thought to herself, "how seldom she is fretful! Nurse told me when I came in from school, that she was not well, and I ought to have been more patient and forbearing. Dear Ada! dear mother! will you ever forgive me? Can I ever forgive myself? O, this temper, this temper of mine!" she repeated, again and again, and kneeling down, she breathed an earnest prayer, that God would enable her to overcome the sin "which did most easily beset her." She prayed to be freed from all sin, and that God would so purify her heart, as to fit it for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

She arose from her knees, feeling strengthened in her good resolutions, and far less unhappy than before. She bathed her face, and then taking her Bible, seated herself quietly by the window, to read it. Just then she heard her father's voice, and looking out, she saw him leading Ada to the garden. The child did not bound and frolic, as it was her wont to do, but moved languidly; and Helen's eyes filled with tears, as she saw her father stoop, and raising her in his arms, tenderly soothe and caress her. It was a delicious summer afternoon, and the soft air played with the light ringlets which fell in a mass over Mr. Howard's shoulder, on which his little daughter leaned her head, as he paced backward and forward, beneath the shade of the trees, which formed an avenue from the house to the garden.

Helen was still gazing sadly upon them, when the nurse entered the room, with a message from her mother, desiring her to prepare to join her in a walk. "To visit some poor people, I suppose," thought Helen, as somewhat surprised at this pleasant release, she quickly attired herself, and joined her mother below.

Mrs. Howard was grave and silent during their walk, which, contrary to her daughter's expectation, seemed undertaken for the purpose of making mere friendly calls; for they stopped before a house, which, although Helen had

never entered, she knew was the residence of friends of their family, who lived a very secluded life.

There was an air of inexpressible gloom about this house. The very servant, who answered their ring, moved and spoke as though in a subdued manner; and Helen experienced an indefinable feeling of dread, as they ascended the stairs leading to the apartment occupied by the two ladies, who alone composed the family. This feeling was relieved on entering the room, which was a large and handsome one, elegantly furnished, and commanding a fine prospect. "Still, if the room is not gloomy, the people certainly are," thought the young visitor, and not without reason. Never had she seen so mournful a countenance as that of the lady who came forward to greet them; who, although still young and lovely in person and features, seemed almost incapable of a smile. She gave them a warm welcome, however, and leading Helen by the hand, to an elderly lady, seated in a pleasant recess, said to her, "Here, dear mother, is the daughter of our old friend, Mrs. Howard."

The person thus addressed, looked up with a vacant smile. "Have you come to see my little Alfred?" she said, and stooping over a cradle, which she was gently rocking, she turned down the quilt, as if to show some little form beneath, and then drew back with a cry of anguish, "No, no! he is not here, he is dead! Ah, my baby! my baby!"

The cradle was empty. Helen did not dare to utter or even to look inquiry. Her mother had withdrawn Miss Campbell to another part of the spacious room: and Helen, feeling as though she must attempt to console the old lady, who sat before her, wringing her hands in bitter grief, said, soothingly, yet almost at random, "O, do not mourn so; you will see your baby again."

A gleam of reason shot across Mrs. Campbell's face, as she replied, "Yes, yes! I shall see my baby again, in heaven!" but very soon her countenance again darkened, and pointing with the air of a maniac, to her daughter, she said, in a whisper of intense horror, "Did you know that *she* killed him?"

Helen's eyes involuntarily followed the direction of her finger, but were at once withdrawn, with an instinctive feeling of delicacy, for it was evident that Miss Campbell, also, had heard, and was struggling to subdue the emotion which rendered her pale cheek still more pallid.

Mrs. Howard called Helen to the window, near which she stood, to look at some plants, just brought from the conservatory, among which a white camellia japonica, with its pure, wax-like leaves, so excited Helen's enthusiasm, as to relieve, in a great degree, the painful feelings which oppressed her, and also had the effect of enabling Miss Campbell to regain her composure.

"I wish I could persuade you to come and see us, Emma," said Mrs. Howard. "Really, you are seriously injuring yourself by such close confinement to the house."

"Duty will scarcely allow me to do otherwise," said Miss Campbell, gently. "I cannot leave my mother; and she is every day becoming more and more wedded to this room, and her seat by the cradle. A friend tried to persuade me yesterday, that she ought not to have the cradle here, and that, if it were removed during her absence, she would soon become resigned to its loss, and would be more easily induced to take a change of air and scene. Accordingly this morning, having succeeded in getting her to ride with me, I had the cradle removed, but found the effect upon her was so exciting and injurious, that I replaced it at once, and shall never repeat the experiment. She has not yet, as you see, recovered from the excitement, and I fear it will be long before we shall be able to persuade her again to leave the house. I shall be the more dependent upon the kindness of my friends in visiting me, and hope you will come in often, dear Mrs. Howard. I hope, too, that your daughter will not find our gloom and sadness so repelling, as not to favor us again with her society. You know we do not like to see strangers, but your daughter is so like you, and seems so kind and sympathizing in her nature, that I assure you that I should not regard her as a stranger."

They both thanked her, and expressed the pleasure it would give them to call often, and then, after parting salutations, they departed, leaving Mrs. Campbell seated in her usual state of quietude, rocking the cradle, which, with the inconsistency natural to her state of mind, she generally believed contained the infant whom, at other times she lamented as dead.

Mrs. Howard and Helen choose another path on their return, one which led them through a little grove, on the edge of the town; and Helen who was almost faint from the effects of the scene through which she had passed, begged her mother to sit down on a rustic seat for a while. "I want to tell you, dear mamma, how sorry I am for my wicked conduct this morning, and then I hope you will be kind enough to explain to me about our singular visit this afternoon."

"I know you are sorry, Helen. You always are, for your ebullitions of temper; but how quickly is the offense repeated! It is useless to reason with you on the wickedness and folly of thus yielding to your easily-besetting sin, for you are perfectly familiar with all the arguments that can be urged, but to-day I have tried another plan, and have made you a witness of some of the unhappy effects of temper."

"Of temper, mamma!" asked Helen in surprise.

"Of temper, Helen. Emma Campbell, the

sad and pallid creature whom you saw to-day, was once a bright and merry girl, radiant with health and overflowing with happiness. She was, for a long while, the only child, and regret was often expressed that she was not a boy, as a valuable property had been left by a deceased relative, in trust, for a son of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and, in default of male issue, it was to go to another branch of the family. One or two little girls died in early infancy, but at last, when Emma was about nine years old, a little brother was placed in her arms by her delighted father. She was, at first, highly pleased, for her disposition was affectionate and generous; but alas! she had also a most irritable temperament, which was greatly aggravated by the miserable and unprincipled mismanagement of the nursery-girl, under whose care she was almost exclusively placed, from the commencement of her mother's sickness. This girl had very unjustly been recommended to Mrs. Campbell, who had received her into her family just before her confinement, and had not a suspicion of having entrusted her darling child to an unworthy person. The girl seemed to experience a kind of insane delight in rousing Emma's excitable passions; particularly with regard to her new-born brother, whom she said her parents would love entirely without caring any more for their daughter. Mrs. Campbell was so seriously ill, that the attention and interest of her husband and others of the household, were for a time almost entirely absorbed by her, and the novel claims of the baby, and as the wicked Sarah lost no opportunity of impressing Emma with the idea of her diminished consequence, she really began to regard her little brother as a hated rival. — *Moth. Mag.*

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY MARIAN BURNS.

"THOU sparkling bowl! Thou sparkling bowl!
Though eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
I will not touch thee, for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings."

It was a chilly November evening. The rain, which had all day been threatening, was beginning to descend in fine penetrating mist. The streets of the city were almost deserted, when one of the bells of the numerous cotton factories commenced ringing, then a second and third, and at the welcome sound, the weary operatives gladly left their work, and muffling themselves in their outer garments, poured forth into the narrow, gloomy street.

Among the last to leave the scene of their labors, were two young girls, sisters, named Lucy and Helen West. As they stood wrapping their scanty shawls about their slender forms, they were passed by the overseer, a fine, frank, manly fellow, generally known as Ed. Russel.

He turned back after passing the sisters, and addressed the younger. "Helen," said he, "your wages will be increased after this week; you have learned the work quickly and well, and you shall have the same pay as Lucy, as long as you choose to stay."

"Thank you, sir," was the only reply of the timid girl, but the warm blood which mantled her cheeks showed the gratitude for this unexpected favor, more plainly than words could have spoken it.

"Poor thing, I guess she needs it badly enough," thought her overseer, as he passed on.

"Now we shall soon have our new shawls!" said Helen, in a glad whisper, to her sister, as they stepped forth into the street. "I am so glad!"

"So am I," replied Lucy, I wish we had them to-night though. "How cold it is!"

Arm in arm they hurried along, till they reached a row of three-story buildings, all looking precisely alike. They entered one of these, and quickly made their way down stairs into the kitchen, where a warm fire was burning. Their mother was bustling about, with a flushed and worried countenance, preparing the supper for fourteen beside her own family, with only an Irish girl for an assistant.

"You are late to-night," said she, addressing them without raising her eyes from her employment. "Here, Lucy, won't you and Nellie aid me for a few moments; I suppose you are both cold and tired, but I am afraid the boarders will be getting impatient for their supper. They have been in the house several minutes, already."

While performing her duty, Helen informed her mother of the increase of her wages, at which her countenance somewhat brightened. But the old, anxious expression came back, at the question, "Has father come home?"

"No," she replied, "I don't see what keeps him. I am afraid—" she broke off abruptly, without saying of what she was afraid. The two sisters now looked anxious and sad, and Lucy rose, and going to the window and pressing her face close to the glass, tried to look out into the mist and fast-gathering darkness. She shivered and turned away with a sigh.

"Ring the bell, dear, supper is all ready," said the mother. She had no time, poor woman, to indulge in sad forebodings or useless anxiety. The poor may not sit with folded hands and mourn over the hardships of their lot. They must "work on," though it be with aching hearts, and eyes heavy with unshed tears.

Down they came, a noisy troop of young men and maidens. Without much ceremony, they ranged themselves around the long, dimly-lighted table. Their labors were over for the day, and they were glad to throw aside care and refresh their wearied bodies. The pleasant laugh and merry jest went round, and no

one of their number noted that the poor, pale face of the one who had made ready their comfortable meal, was even paler and sadder than its wont.

The meal was soon over, and in an hour, they were all once more in their rooms, and many of them snug in bed. But down by the kitchen-fire, the weary mother sat with her children, anxiously awaiting the return of a much-loved, though erring husband and father.

Eight, nine, ten o'clock is past, and yet no sound indicates the arrival of the missing one. The night is darker and more chilly than ever, if possible. The silence is broken by a few words, but they sit with sad patience, each knowing the thoughts of the other.

"Mother," said Lucy at last, "I guess I had better go over to brother Will's and tell him that father hasn't come home. I can take the lantern, and I shall not be afraid if you and Helen stand in the door."

The lantern was lighted. A shawl was hastily thrown on, and Lucy ventured tremblingly out into the darkness; while the mother and sister stood watching the retreating light till it vanished inside a tenement only a few rods distant. Then they returned to the kitchen.

William and Lucy shortly appeared together, and the son was dispatched in search of his father. Another hour passed and another, before he returned. He entered, alone, drenched with the rain, and with the intelligence that his father had been found in the street in a state of intoxication and had been locked up. He could not be released until morning, when he would probably be fined. Some bitter words fell from the young man's lips, at the injustice of imprisoning and fining a man for getting drunk, while those who enticed him and furnished him with the means, robbing him of his hardly-earned living, suffered no penalty whatever.

The weary, heart-stricken family retired to rest. It seemed as if they had scarcely closed their eyes in sleep, when the summons to rise was heard, and they were forced to commence another day, while yet weary from the toil and care of the preceding one.

Mr. West came to L., an industrious and enterprising man, bringing with him from the pleasant little village where he was born and had always lived, a lovely family, consisting of a wife and four young children. For a short time after his removal he appeared to be doing well, but at length he was enticed by evil companions from the path of rectitude, and by slow degrees, the truth was forced upon the mind of his loving, patient wife, that her husband was changed; she was brought to tremble at the thought that he was in danger of becoming a drunkard. Everything that was in her power to do, she did, to save him. Every thing that could make home attractive and lure

him back to sobriety was tried in vain. Slowly, but surely he went down.

The eldest daughters, Mary and Lucy, were at length taken from school, and placed at work in the cotton factory, and the pleasant cottage-home was exchanged for a hired tenement and a house full of boarders; lest by the father's neglect of his business, the family should suffer for the necessities of life.

Years passed, years full of sorrow and pain to the family. Now the clouds that surrounded them would seem about to break away, and a ray of sunshine kindle hope in their hearts. The father would resolve that he would reform, and for a few days he would remain sober, and attend to his business. Then indeed their hearts were glad with the hope of brighter days, but anon the gloom settled down around them again, denser and darker than ever, and hope died out, or smoldered beneath a pall of ashes. Little Harry, the lamb of the flock, the beloved and petted of all, the only son, sickened and died during these days of darkness. The steps of his father were too unsteady to follow to the grave the child he had idolized.

The mother's cup of sorrow seemed full. Often were her daughters' wages given up to release their father from confinement, by the payment of a heavy fine.

At the age of twenty, Mary was married to a worthy young man, named William Hallett; and commenced her own struggles with the world, in a humble home of her own. At the time our story commences, Helen had just left school, and taken her place in the factory.

By the uncertain light of the earliest dawn of the ensuing morning, Mrs. West and her children held a hurried consultation, and the money, so carefully saved for the much-needed winter clothing, was put into the hands of William Hallett, to procure the release of his father-in-law. Just as the sun rose, dispelling by his bright rays the remaining clouds and mist of the recent storm, the poor inebriate stepped forth from his place of confinement, into the clear, bracing air, led by the hand of his little grandson, a lovely boy of seven or eight years, who had come with his father, "to bring grandpa home."

We, who call ourselves Christians, yet recoil with loathing from the touch of the drunkard, might take a lesson from this little one who came, leading with loving tenderness the tottering steps of his grandparent, striving by cheerful, winning words, to raise up the head which drooped with shame, and bring back the pleasant smile that was scarcely ever refused to "little Dan," as the boy was familiarly called.

The sorrowful wife had dried her tears as she saw her husband approaching, and tried to welcome him with calm and gentle words, but words failed, and the tears would not be restrained. The meeting between the shame-

stricken husband and the grieved and almost despairing wife is too sadly-sacred for stranger eyes, and we will listen rather to what little Dan is saying with such an earnest face and tone to his mother, who listens with tears fast falling over her cheeks.

"I know grandpa wouldn't get drunk, if I stayed by him while he worked, and came home with him every night. You see, mother, it isn't his fault. It's just those men! They come walking home with him, and when they get to a rum shop, they coax him to go in, but if I was there, I would coax him to come right straight home. Now, mother, you just let me try it one day, and if I hinder grandpa about his work, or if I can't coax him home, I'll never ask to go again."

What could the mother—the daughter too—say to this appeal, but to bid the dear boy go? "Yes, go," she said, "and be grandpa's little angel." And when the poor man, at a late hour in the morning, bent his faltering steps toward the place of his daily labor, the little hand still led him, the little voice still cheered him, and all day long the loving presence of the sweet boy strengthened and comforted his almost-despairing heart. At night the child walked by his side, and to all persuasions to enter the place of temptation, the pressure of the small, soft hand, and the earnest, upturned face, suggested the negative reply and rendered the refusal still more decided.

The next day and the next it was the same. Little Dan did not weary, as might have been expected, in his self-imposed task. For days not a drop from the fiery cup had passed the lips of Mr. West. But the tempter was not willing to be so easily cheated of his victim. Many a snare was laid to entice him from the small, yet powerful protection of that little child, who prayed every night that "God would please help him to keep grandpa from the men that wanted to make him drunk." His simple prayer was heard and answered. A heavenly angel's presence would not have been a more effectual guard than that of the innocent boy.

"I would give a thousand dollars if I could get West tight," one of his former companions was heard to say. But it was in vain that they strove to accomplish their wicked purpose. After a year of sobriety and industry, Mr. West removed his family to a village in the Far West, where he is beyond the reach of his tempters. Little Dan, with his parents, followed a few months later, for his grandfather could not bear to be separated from him.

Was it not said by a prophet of old, "A little child shall lead them?"

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THOUGHTS WHICH STRENGTHEN THE SOUL.

Morristown, N. J.

It has been my privilege on the preceding Sabbath to listen to one of those rare sermons,

which strengthen the soul to endure life's trials, by leading it to realize what abundant cause it has to "rejoice always in the Lord." To me it came as an answer to prayer, for one of my recent desires and petitions had been, that God would show me what was "the hope of our calling," and I have fancied I might perhaps so sketch a few of its leading thoughts, as to share with others, in a slight degree that to which I was permitted to listen.

First came the glorious text, 1 Cor. 3. 22. "All things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life or death; or things present or things to come, all things are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." The preacher then commenced by speaking of the value attached frequently to wealth as a source of pleasure, and of social influence, till, rising to a higher plane, we learned to reverence and prize intellectual rather than mere material treasures. But higher still should we rank spiritual gifts, the riches which endure to life eternal. Goodness, in God's estimate, was true greatness, and to that estimate must all rise who would attain to a true appreciation of real and permanent good. Into that regenerated view of things, that new existence, we were brought by the word and Spirit of God; and our effort must henceforth be to grow in our love for that which was real over that which was merely apparent. Creatures of sense by nature, we could only value those material treasures which commended themselves to our senses, but "born of the Spirit," we learned to estimate more highly the things of the Spirit; and, behold! how in the love of this infinite nature, the Father met the new-born desire, and conferred on us the unsearchable riches of Christ. Sprung from no passing influence, but conferred in purpose on the Christian from all eternity, see how, "in the fullness of time," to banish doubt and fear from our hearts, the Son became incarnate, and mingling among men as the Son of Man, pursued, from Bethlehem to Calvary, that path marked at every step with tokens of a love, cheerfully enduring suffering and death, that He might bestow upon the people "the riches of the inheritance." See how, as a further testimony, He gives the Holy Spirit of promise, the earnest of the purchased possession, whispering to our hearts of sins forgiven, and cleansing us, day by day, from all iniquity; taking away the veil of doubt and unbelief, and showing us the things that are freely given us of God, and those things are sure "because we are Christ's," not because He is ours. Our hold on Him is faint and wavering, but His grasp on us is sure. The Christian is Christ's, and He, linked in ineffable union to divinity, suffers none to pluck His sheep out of His hand. Look at the inheritance thus secured. See Paul, Apollos and Cephas, mark their toils, their sufferings, their deaths. They are yours. Representatives of

all Christ's ministers, they mark the ministry as existing for the Church, (not the Church for the ministry,) and they teach us, that for that Church they were chosen to suffer and to die. Yours are the fruits of their toils, yours the results of their martyrdom. The world, that which to the sinner is a snare and a source of ruin, becomes truly the Christian's. Its beauties, its innocent pleasures are his; his, all in it, that can enrich his soul or bring it forward one step in nearness to God, or meetness for heaven. Life! can that be said to belong to the sated votary of pleasure, the anxious worker for wealth, the ambition-gnawed heart of the aspirant for human fame? Let their own words bear witness that to them it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. But to the Christian, life, rich with the smiles of God, rich with his Saviour's love, rich with the influences of the indwelling Spirit, rich with the fruits of righteousness, the result of that indwelling; rich with the blessings He is permitted to confer upon His fellow-men, rich with the hopes of heaven, life is truly his. And death, we are prone to shrink from it as the enemy whose touch is to congeal our being, whose icy finger is to arrest our career and bind us in its chill bondage, bringing drear unconsciousness and the desolate tomb. But, no, death is yours, for ye are Christ's. It unbinds your fetters, it frees you from the imperfections of this mortal nature; the sorrow of this earthly existence. It puts an end to grief and sin, banishing the curse and wiping all tears from your eyes. It brings us into the presence of God, it administers an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, it makes us companions of the heavenly hosts; and fixes us in the enjoyment of everlasting manhood, the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Yes, blessed be His name, death is yours!

Away then with doubts and fears. Rise to the conception, exult in the fullness of your inheritance, for to banish all shadow of doubt from your heart, to convey the fullest idea of this eternal, all-comprehending gift, He adds, things present or things to come, all are yours. Time and earth may seem adverse, but they have nought which can injure you. In all their varied influences they are yours. And eternity, with its untold wonders, as it rolls its mighty ages onward, can bring nothing but blessedness, for eternity is yours, if ye are Christ's.

And then came a few earnest words to those, who careless of the rich treasure thus freely offered, were passing life's fleeting days in vain exertions to secure the dying treasures of earth.

I know not that this faint sketch is calculated to aid or comfort one struggling heart. Could they but have heard the sermon, the case would have been very different, but my own mind gladly dwells upon it, and the thought that by possibility it may be useful, if not in

itself; yet in its suggestions, induces me to send it to the *Advocate*. I would so gladly, dear friend, do some little thing to aid you.

Are not these two expressions from the same minister gems of thought? "The death of Lazarus, so lamented by his weeping friends, was the occasion of the grandest words which ever cheered humanity, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life!'" And, "When Christ took the cup of the new covenant in His blood, that cup which symbolized untold suffering; he gave thanks." In truest love, yours,

JENNET WILSON

For the *Advocate and Guardian*

THE JEWELS.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent,
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife

And two fair children, who consoled his life.
She meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing did begin:
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet I am more so now: for since this morn,
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point, which you shall now decide."

"Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward not come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping, O, so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong,
That he should suddenly arrive to-day
To take these jewels which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring? So henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I have learned to see
Almost as mine forever, mine in fee."

"What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong
That it was left us to enjoy it long."

"Good is the word," she answered "may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale; and he the jewels knew
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew

FAITH IN GOD.

MANY tell us that the age of miracles is past; that we are no more to expect such wonderful things to happen as we read of in God's word. But is not God still on the throne of the Universe? Does He not still hear and answer the earnest prayers of His children, just as he did eighteen hundred years ago? In looking over the history of the past and of the present, and in studying the records of individual experience, we are led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

The apostle James tells us that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much, and then refers to Elias, that he was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he

prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit. And have we not as remarkable instances of the power of prayer in our own day? Look at the wonderful history of Muller, the philanthropist of England. He expends tens of thousands of dollars every year for the poor destitute orphans of his country. Whence comes that large supply? Simply by prayer.

He goes into his closet, as Jesus bade, and tells God that he needs a little more money, and that he has no other helper; and he knows that it will come. Then he goes to his daily tasks, and the evening mail brings him his fifty, or hundred pounds, sent by some benevolent person, whom God has moved to do it. The recipient takes the timely donation without the least surprise; he expected it just as God has promised, "*Ask and ye shall receive.*" Thus his work goes on—a work which angels might envy—that of helping God feed his poor children. Such a person need not wait till death to hear the sentence, Come ye blessed of my father—inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these ye have done it unto me.

Another striking instance of the power of faith and prayer, is that noble institution, the Home for the Friendless, in the city of New York. I have watched it with interest from the commencement. Those large buildings are all the work of a few Christian women, who, by small beginnings, and constant prayer, have made a home where hundreds and thousands of poor children have been sheltered, fed, and clothed, and placed in the school-room till they are adopted by worthy persons, or placed in good homes. At first, they were extremely unpopular; the finger of scorn was pointed at them for their weak attempts. But the grain of mustard seed was sown, it has become a mighty tree, and its branches shelter many outcast, homeless children, and are now swayed gently by the breezes of popular favor. The prayer of faith, joined with good works, hath wrought it all.

Judson, the late missionary to India, says, "I never prayed earnestly for anything but I had it. In God's own time and way it always came."

Mrs. Stowe says of her greatest work, that book which spread like wild-fire all over the civilized world, and forever linked her name with the benefactors of earth; "It was written with prayer—to God belongs the glory."

In view of those instances, should not the prayers of all Christians arise at this time, like a cloud of incense, to the throne of the Eternal, for our beloved country? that good—lasting good—may come of the civil conflict that is now raging in it, and wrong and oppression flee away forever. Christians should especially pray for the army in the tented field—for those who have so manfully turned from home and friends at the call of their country—at the call of duty.—*Exchange.*

S. M. P

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

LET not my daughter, now a wife,
Bid all her cares adieu;
Comforts there are in married life,
And there are crosses too.

I do not wish to damp your mirth,
With an ungrateful sound,
But yet remember, bliss on earth
No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great,
May Heaven those hopes fulfill;
But you will find in every state
Some difficulty still.

A friendship founded on esteem
Life's stormy blast endures;
It will not vanish like a dream—
And such I trust is yours.

Though you have left a father's wing,
Nor longer need his care—
It is but seldom husbands bring
A lighter yoke to wear.

They have their humors and their faults,
So mutable is man;
Excuse his foibles in thy thoughts,
And hide them when you can.

Nor anger nor resentment keep,
Whatever be amiss—
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

Or if there's cause to reprehend,
Do it with mild address;
Remember he's your dearest friend,
And love him ne'er the less.

Mutual attempts to serve and please
Each other will endear;
Thus may you draw your yoke with ease,
Nor discord interfere.

Since you must both resign your breath,
And God alone knows when,
So live that you may part at death,
To meet with joy again.

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

TESTIMONY FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE PEACEFUL HAPPY DEATH.

WHEN men and women in advanced life lie gently down and die, we think it a desirable way of leaving this world, but that it should be thus, we almost expect as a matter of course. But when the young, healthy, and buoyant spirit meets the grim monster in this yielding and cheerful manner, it engages our attention and deeply affects our hearts.

The subject of this narrative, was a member of a Sabbath school in G., Ashtabula Co., O. and was a child of much promise, and of more than ordinary intelligence. She had just passed her twelfth birth-day, when that fearful disease, diphtheria, in one short week closed her earthly career. With elastic step she moved along life's pathway, full of joy and hope. Life to her was one constant ray

of sunshine. Affectionate to all about her, prompt in obedience, and earnest in all her engagements. She took peculiar delight in the Sabbath school. No inclemency of weather could detain her from this loved retreat, in this garden of the Lord, she plucked the choicest fruit from the tree of life, here it was that she learned of that Saviour who takes especial delight in the young, and by whom she was supported through her dreadful sufferings while passing through the dark valley.

My own heart memories linger about that death-bed scene, as well as many others; and always with the same prayer, May my last end be like hers. Three days before she passed away, it became evident that she could not recover, and as earth grew dim and receded from her view, the jewel within the decaying casket grew brighter and brighter, and she set her house in order, and with great composure plumed her wings for the flight.

When asked if she was not afraid to die, she quickly answered, "No, no;" and looking up with a smile said, "You would not be afraid to go to the Saviour." With perfect composure she divided her books and toys with her parents, friends, and schoolmates. She made request where to be buried, and wished that the Sabbath-school might attend her funeral. As her end seemed approaching, and the king of terrors seemed to stare her in the face, she continued undaunted and cheerfully resigned herself to his invincible mandate. Sublime and gloriously triumphant was her victory over this last fearful enemy.

Although struggling for breath, she requested her aunt to find for her the last Sabbath school lesson and read it. It commenced with the 32d verse of 10th chapter of Matthew. She said, "O if every one would do as *that* says, they would all be saved," and looking up earnestly she said, "how much I have learned at the Sabbath school." She repeatedly spoke of the last sermon preached to the children, from the text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The night but one before she died, will never fade from the memory of those who watched at her bedside. When she thought her feet had touched the cold stream of death, she called her parents and sister and other attendants around her, kissed, and bade them a long farewell, and requested each to pray with her. After several prayers were offered, she put her arms around her father's neck, who hung over her in speechless agony, and said, "O let your dying child hear one prayer from your lips, before I leave you." When the death dews seemed to be gathering upon that beautiful brow, and the bright eyes were closing upon earthly scenes, the scalding tears shed over her did not escape her notice.

With faltering voice she said, "Why do you weep? I shall soon be with my Saviour," and feeling in the death-shadows for her handkerchief, with an affectionate hand wiped away the tears. She then requested her Sabbath-school superintendent, who was present, to pray with her, and shortly after,

said, "Will some one sing?" and thus with the melody of the Sabbath-school hymns which she had often sung, was she met by the angels' song as they conducted her spirit to the skies. And now, that panting for breath has ceased, and her beautiful form lies moldering in the grave, she will wipe away no more tears, for she is now where no tears are shed. She appeared among us like a star of hope and loveliness, but the Saviour whose service she had chosen, has called her to serve in His presence above; but long will she live in the memory of her friends. Long will her sunny face be remembered by her pastor as she caught the words of life that fell from his lips. And her faithful Sabbath-school teacher will hereafter miss her listening ear, desirous of instruction from the sacred page.

Her sweet voice is no more heard in the Sabbath-school songs here below, but it is doubtless attuned anew to sweeter melody above. Verily, we may not only say that the young may die as well as the old, but also they may die as gloriously. E. H. L.

"WILL YOU PROMISE TO GOD?"

WE had all night been in a rail-road car. As the opening day began to arouse the sleepy passengers, we halted at a way station, and a lady, with a sweet-looking little girl, entered. The seats being occupied, I offered her a part of mine, and it was accepted. Directly in front sat two men, and as the lady and child entered, and seated themselves, one of the men said, quite pleasantly—

"How do you do, sis?"

"I se pretty well; how do you do?"

Gazing intently at the man who had spoken to her, and evidently satisfied with his frank, manly, pleasant expression, she resumed:

"Have you got any little girls?"

"Yes, one about as big as you."

"Is she a good little girl?"

"Sometimes."

"Is she naughty sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Do you whip her when she is naughty?"

"Yes."

"Oh! I se sorry; I se sorry."

After a little more talk, the gentleman asked her to come and sit on his knee. The mother consented, and she went. Evidently he was accustomed to find pleasure in children, and she seemed very happy also. After a while, the two men began to talk together. The child listened attentively. Presently she jumped down and returned to her mother, looking very sad, and whispered to her. By and by the man missed his little friend, and looking round, asked her why she had left him. She was sadly changed. The whole expression of her face was changed, and she scarcely heeded his questions. He noticed this, and said, earnestly:

"Why, what does this mean? You said you liked to sit with me. Why don't you speak to me now?"

The mother said, "Tell him why you left him, dear."

"I *did* like you; but you swore!"

It was a dagger to the pride, if not to the conscience of that man, and he felt it, and was greatly embarrassed. Presently he said:

"If you will come back, I will not swear again."

"Will you promise to God? He heard you."

"Yes."

She went back, but evidently she had not yet regained her confidence in him. It was terribly shaken.

Oh! take heed, ye men of the world who forget God, take heed how ye offend one of these little ones, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—*Congregationalist*.

THANK YOU.—"Mother," said a little girl, "I gave a poor beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread, and she said 'Thank you' to me so beautifully, and it made me so glad, I shall never forget it."

Now children can do a great many things worth a "thank you." Kind offices are everywhere and at all times needed; for there are always sick ones, sorrowful ones, poor ones, besides dear ones, to make happy by kindness; and it goes further towards making home happy than almost anything else. Kind offices also are within everybody's reach, like air and sunshine; and if anybody feels fretful, or discontented, or repining, or unthankful, and wants a medicine to cure it, I would say, do a "thank you" worth of kind offices every hour you live, and you will be cured. It is a wonderful sweetener of life. Try it.—*Flowers of Spring Time*.

"THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH"

BY KATE CAMERON.

SEARCH as we may all earthly charts, we shall never find this valley marked down upon them. It has no place on the maps of the universe, no returned traveler describes its situation and surroundings, and yet we have all been to its confines with loved ones who have crossed the dark river before us. We could almost catch a glimpse of the seraph-wings that bore our dear friends over the narrow stream; almost hear the angel-welcomes on the other side, but that was all. We looked on the pale brow and dimmed eyes, and knew that dust must return to dust, even as the spirit had gone to God who gave it.

But we could go no farther, it was not for us to support the trembling footsteps, or to bear the infant form through that lonely passage. Helpless, or tenderly nursed, as were the objects of our affection, they could not be sustained by mortal arm. And yet we knew that one walked with them—one whose form was like the Son of God.

Oh! this dark valley! It lies before us all, and we know not how soon our feet may tread its very verge. It may open before us some day when we little think to reach it. We have looked far on to a bright and glorious future, without a thought that between that and us lay the vale of shadows, that our pathway was leading to its brink.

How many have been pressing on with eager footsteps to attain some earthly good, some high renown, but suddenly they paused, they could not cross that chasm, they must first lay aside their vestments of clay, and, leaving all companions and competitors behind, pass on alone. Happy for them, if they had already been walking in that narrow way which leads to life eternal—if their course on earth had been a fit preparation for the existence beyond the grave. For such we cannot mourn, though our hearts may be full of anguish as we think of our own loss, yet knowing so well that it is their infinite gain, we can but rejoice for them.

"What matter then, what matter then,

Who earliest lays him down to rest?

Nay, to depart and be with Christ

Is surely best."

Death is almost universally regarded as a misfortune. We regret that our friends should be deprived of a few brief years of mortality—years in which, at best, every joy is blended with pain, while sin and temptation hold tireless sway over their spirits. Should we not rather thank God when He removes our loved ones from such thralldom, when He calls those weary, travel-stained pilgrims home? What are all the pleasures of earth when weighed in the balance against immortal bliss?

Oh! when the messenger shall come for us, when we are called to lay down the burden of life, and exchange the cross for the crown, God grant that we may exclaim triumphantly, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

SUGGESTED ON READING "MULLER'S LIFE OF TRUST."

"MAN after God's own heart!"

Sent in these latter days

To prove there is a *living God*,

And yield Him grateful praise.

The orphan's heart forlorn,

A home of love has found,

The "Father of the fatherless,"

Hath compassed it around.

Full many an orphan-home,

Reared on a distant shore,

Will bless this faithful child of God,

Till time shall be no more.

Faith is the power he wields,

By long experience known,

The promise of his Covenant God,

He pleads before the Throne.

Not to an "arm of flesh"

Trusts he for "daily bread,"

But to a *near* Almighty Friend,

Who hitherto has fed.

'Tis but "to ask and have,"

Though oft his faith is tried,

"Patience must have its perfect work,"

Yet will "the Lord provide."

"The love of Christ constrains,"

His work no limit knows,

"Far as the east is from the west,"

The seed of Truth he sows.

Sure, all who love the Lord,

Encouragement must find,

To bring to Him, "who heareth prayer,"

Each care-worn, troubled mind.

Tell Jesus all thy wants,

Once tempted like as we,

He'll surely "grace sufficient give,"

Though great thy "needs" may be.

Oh! never may our hearts,

Lose the sweet unction given,

But wrestle in prevailing prayer,

Till Satan's bonds are riven.

Lord, may our hearts be led

To live as pilgrims here,

Thy word to follow as our rule;

Make all our duty clear.

May we our "stewardship,"

Remember day by day,

Laying up treasures in the skies,

That will not "pass away."

Dear as a "household word,"

The name of Muller's known,

Though first we meet him face to face,

Before the "Great White Throne."

QUIETNESS IN THE STORM.

"Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted among the nations of the earth." The forty-sixth Psalm is evidently from first to last a military or war-song. It assumes tribulation, warfare, in the midst of the world; and it points the Christian to his refuge, his safe and blessed retreat, amidst the war-storms gathering from the distant horizon. God is not only our refuge, but He is also with us. "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear asunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire." If God is thus the source of victory, if the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift, then "be still;" do not be alarmed, agitated and vexed: but be satisfied of this, that God will be exalted in the earth. Fear not for His kingdom, be not alarmed for His cause; not a hair of the head of His saints shall perish. Be still, and know that He is not man to repent, nor a creature to fail; but the mighty God, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

This prescription is suitable to the age in which we live, to scenes that are opening on a world that appears to be about to go through its last baptism. What are some of the grounds

of disquiet in the minds of true Christians? Why is it that we need the prescription, "Be still?" We answer, first, from the imperfection of our knowledge. We see but a fragment of God's procedure; we cannot see that out of evil He still brings good. When we behold overshadowing error, we think it will deepen and darken till the whole sky is overcast; whereas, by and by it is dissolved, and truth shines forth with all the splendor of the sun, and the momentary cloud seems to have only increased the intensity of the glory that succeeds and follows it. We hear of divisions and disputes among Christians; we think the Church is going to pieces; but that is because we see but a part, we do not see the whole. If we saw the whole, we should discover that the momentary discord is only preparatory to lasting harmony; that the dispute of a day precedes the peace that will prevail through ages to come. We see through a glass darkly; we do not always recollect this; and because we forget it, and fancy that we can see more clearly than is the case, we are troubled and disquieted. Because we are blind, we think the world is going to pieces, and that God has left it to itself—*Cumming*.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 16, 1861.

WE would respectfully request our correspondents to have all letters, containing money, registered

HOME WORK IN ITS PRESENT ASPECT.

ON returning from a brief sojourn in the country—with its beautiful landscapes, flowing rivers, quiet villas, and ever-inviting scenes fresh in the mind's eye—we are attracted at once to the Home Chapel. How does our work look in comparison with what we have just left is a query that comes unbidden to the silent heart. Well, here is our corps of busy workers in the publishing, printing and Committee Rooms, filing and answering correspondence, printing, folding and mailing over eighty thousand copies of the Advocate per-month. The Executive Committee—making other cares secondary, as they have been wont to do for more than twenty-seven years, on every Wednesday at 10 A. M. Here, lining the hall, are the needy applicants, waiting to see the Dorcas Committee, House Committee, or Executive Committee, with infants in arms, children in rags, faces wan and tear soiled, a glance at whom indicates work for the day, appealing to the deepest sympathies of the soul.

Here in these cheerful chapel-rooms are nearly two hundred bright faced little girls—"Saved from street-training and from ruin's brink," observing perfect order, making the place vocal with their sweet songs, well instructed and diligent, preparing for a pleasant instead of a miserable future. The Home mission says to them, "Be ye warmed and fed and taught," and it is done. They present a pleasing sight, more touching than the finest landscape, more attractive than the quiet and rest of the sweetest rural home. The mortal and immortal revealed upon the young faces where a soul looms out in speaking earnestness as they sing.

"My country, 'tis of thee," awakes the yearning wish that they, with all other children of sorrow may be trained to become worthy citizens of a country, so redeemed from its moral corruptions and oppression that "all its children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of its children." Faithful, devoted missionary teachers are doing for them what may be to their future as the casting of salt into a fountain whose streams are far-reaching.

We visit Home school No. 2, and a similar scene is presented—an equal number of pupils of the same class, equal improvement is manifest, untiring love and zeal in the supervision of the work, and the result of the efforts in connection with it to benefit the poor mothers in the vicinity is most encouraging.

Our hundred and more once rough, profane, vagrant, street-boys, sheltered, fed, clothed and taught, the past season, next claim attention. We find them in their school-room, learning the word of God, much improved in manners, and able to communicate intelligently the knowledge they have acquired of the rudiments of education, doing credit to their teachers and themselves.

Here, then, are several hundred day-scholars, belonging to this Home mission, who, with scores of their desolate mothers who claim more or less especial care, so enlarge the out-door work of the Society, as to make the demands upon it very pressing.

Last, but still first in interest, we turn to the dear Home flock, to look in upon the happy little ones still tarrying in their country retreat. How kind the Providence that, in our time of need, provided a pleasant resort, which has been to them a place of healthful recreation and physical improvement, during the warm summer. They are seven miles distant, but we soon reach them by rail, and their smiling

rosy faces and joyous greetings, just under the large tree on the lawn, are welcome responses to what the heart feels as it remembers the injunction of Him who said, "Feed my lambs." Here, while their Home has been renovated, purified and newly painted, a matter rendered indispensable, and costing much solicitude, they have been made comfortable and happy, and will be ready to return, enjoying good health, and, with their kind care-takers, invigorated for the coming winter. As we enter their rural domicile, we find them living in somewhat primitive style, but the wide halls, school-rooms, and large play-grounds, have an air of freedom that these children will long remember. We learn that their good friend, Mr. Edwards, has recently been with them and conducted their Sabbath service, and that we are also indebted to others in the vicinity for similar favors. The school has prospered, while every week has witnessed changes by receptions and removals, on last Wednesday nine children were received, some of whom were thus saved from the near pangs of hunger and want.

As we look over the whole precious trust committed to this Society, the pleasant Home, to which these before us are soon to return, provided and paid for by Christian charity, engraven as it is with antecedents and life-histories of cherished memory, and prepared to be, in the coming time as in the past, a shelter from the storm, a way-mark in life's dark hours to so many weary ones, who most need its protection, it seems no marvel that the work has so large a place in the affections of those who have ever watched and aided its growth. Depending solely upon charitable contributions, can it be sustained as the increasing demands upon it still require, till our beloved country shall have reached the issue of the fearful crisis that now weighs down every heart? As the cold season approaches shall these hundreds of needy children still be fed and clothed? Faith answers, "your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things," "Be still, and trust."

The following statistics, gathered from the last monthly reports, presents the precise aggregate in numbers from the several departments of the work devoted only to the children.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Regular attendants in Home School, No. 1, | 175 |
| " " " " " " | 2, 136 |
| " " " " " " | 3, 119 |
| Irregular attendants, | 270 |
| Children in the Home, | 101 |
| Total, | 801 |

THE GOAL WON.

"CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die."

It becomes our painful duty to record the departure to the home above of another beloved member of our Board of Managers. Miss Catharine R. Clark, for several years an active and efficient laborer in behalf of this enterprise, on Tuesday, Aug. 20th, bade farewell to earth, and fell asleep in Jesus.

She had been long an invalid, but while "consumption" was fixing its fatal shaft, she often labored abundantly, and with an earnestness indicating the consciousness that she was doing her last work. Her interest in our Home schools, one of which (No. 2) she was instrumental in originating, her concern for the spiritual condition of the adult inmates of the Home and the general prosperity of the Institution, ceased but with life. Only a short time before her decease, in a season of partial delirium, she requested that the Home children might sing some of their sweet hymns around her coffin, and named the "Home cemetery" (supposing it might have one) as a place where she would like her remains to be deposited. Her mind was peaceful and happy in view of death; still she expressed a desire to live and labor longer in the moral vineyard where so much remains to be done, if consistent with the divine will, not otherwise.

The daily prayer-meeting was a place where her soul found refreshing foretastes of heavenly joys. She was an earnest friend of the oppressed, and could the walls of her closet speak, they would bear testimony to her filial obedience to the precept, "Remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them." We insert the following extract from the last letter received penned by her hand. Accompanying it was "Muller's Life of Trust," the book to which she refers, and which is now performing the mission that she assigned to it. Our readers will recollect various commendatory notices of the early issues of this good work in our pages years since, which our dear departed friend, in her feebleness, seemed to have forgotten. The letter will exhibit her state of mind, and being her last written token of love will deeply interest those who knew her most intimately. "Being dead she yet speaketh." May her

lovely Christian example lead many to follow her as she followed Christ.

"Such let our life be here,
Not marked by noise but by success alone;
Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds,
Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light;
Yet full of its all penetrating power
Its silent, but resistless influences;
Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working,
Hour after hour upon a needy world."

Saturday P.M.

My dear Friend:—Having heard this book read, the thought struck me, "What a blessing it would be if our Home for the Friendless could be sustained by prayer and faith in the living God, as Mr. Muller's orphan houses are." I therefore sent out and purchased the book for the express purpose of lending it to yourself to read, and when you have done with it, please hand it to dear Mrs. Hawkins, with my love, afterwards to other ladies of the Executive Committee, who may like to read it, or of the Board of Managers, as I want as many to read it as will do so, only keep your eye upon the book, please, so I may not lose it, as I hope to do much good by lending this book to Christians.

I think you will agree with me in saying that the whole record is the most wonderful proof of God's faithfulness in answering prayer that has ever been published. Oh, if our Home could be entirely sustained in this same way, what a blessing the Institution would become. Have we not praying hearts enough in our Board to venture upon such a plan? I think we have many who would lay themselves before the Lord a living sacrifice to be used for this work in His own way.

My prayer is that God would lead the minds of all concerned in the Institution, to be willing it should be sustained in God's own way, and if Mr. Muller's way is the right way then make us all willing to adopt it. I cannot tell you how tenderly my heart is knit to that Institution, and I want to see "Holiness to the Lord" ever written upon everything it does.

One word now about my health; I am still very, very weak, and can sit up but a few hours at once, so I am writing this in bed. I hope the Lord will permit me to enter the field of labor again. Never did I feel so deeply my unworthiness to be called His servant as now. Oh, His tender mercy in bearing with me as He does. Do pray for me, dear sister, for my soul thirsts for the living God! Oh, when shall I be satisfied.

Yours, truly, in Christian love,

C. R. CLARKE.

"THE JOY IN HARVEST."

THE summer is ended and its rich and abundant harvests are garnered. He that "openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire

of every living thing," has again given to our afflicted country a fruitful season, has permitted it again to experience the joy in harvest; so often felt in other years, when its necessities were less imperative. Had the harvests of 1861 been sensibly diminished or cut off, how would the joy have been exchanged for mourning! War is in our borders, but Famine, often its more terrible attendant, is withheld. As we were recently riding in central N. Y., beside fruitful fields and full store-houses, the thought occurred, Who of these almoners of a bountiful Creator, will bestow a tithe of His gifts, to gladden the hearts of His poor? Who will do it, as a thank-offering for "the early and the latter rain," in this year of embarrassment and trial? Will not some of the many who have learned by happy experience that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," remember our Home, as they did in 1857, and so supply it with the fruits of the earth, that it shall continually be enabled to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy, also to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, who appeal to it, in their distress, for relief?

Some who are honestly inquiring, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" are proffering already assurances of aid. One gentleman said recently, "I will this year send a load of vegetables to the Home, as I can very well spare them, and they will help to feed your many children."

Another writes thus:

"My heart responds to your appeal for aid for your benevolent Institution. My prayer ascends to Him who has the hearts of his stewards in his hand, to dispose them to enjoy the blessing of considering the poor, by being delivered in this day of trouble. Our incomes are indeed diminished, but if we are willing to economise as love demands, the blessing of many ready to perish may still rest upon us.

I enclose draft for twenty dollars, lent to the Lord, satisfied with the security of his promise to repay it with good interest. Let us not be weary in well doing. Soon shall we be welcomed to the glorious rest of an approving Saviour. One smile of that welcome will amply repay us for all (too little, alas!) that we have done for Him."

These good brethren, having felt "the joy in harvest," are willing to impart some of the gifts of our Creator to those less fortunate than themselves.

The following item may serve to illustrate the text, "He that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully."

NONE THE POORER FOR GIVING.—Several years ago, a Secretary of the British and

Foreign Bible Society related the following instances of liberal and unostentatious giving, which we commend especially to our *wealthy* readers:

"One of these instances was that of an elderly lady, who for nineteen years past had been in the habit of making periodical calls at Earl-street, depositing on each occasion an anonymous gift, and then disappearing till the next visit. For several years her contributions had amounted to about 200 guineas per annum, but lately they had risen to about £600 (\$3,000) a year. Another example was that of a gentleman residing on the Continent, whose contributions commenced about five years ago with a simple donation of £20. In 1854, his year's gift had risen to over £2,700; in 1855, to £5,605; and last January, he intimated his readiness to make his donations for 1856, either £13,000 or £15,000, adding, that when they were gone, more would be forthcoming. This gentleman's answer to some inquiries was, the more he gave, the more he got. He was a richer man now than when he first began to give."

"WRITTEN FOR OUR LEARNING."

In days of darkness and trial, the Christian heart turns as instinctively to the Word of God and prayer, as the confiding child runs to the arms of its parent. How precious at such seasons are all the records "written for our learning." When it was said to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac," &c., his soul was filled with deep distress, and while no spirit of murmuring or disobedience was felt, yet, as he slowly ascended that hill-top, he looked ever and anon upon his cherished child with the yearning tenderness that a parent only knows, utterly unconscious of the reasons in the mind of the Infinite for requiring such an offering. During that dark hour of suspense we may suppose the great heart of the patriarch was calm and still, resting with its heavy burden upon a Father's love, confiding in His wisdom; breathing its unuttered prayer into His listening ear. And what joy unspeakable must have swelled his heart when he was made conscious of the blessed results of his unquestioning obedience.

When Moses, nobly preferring to suffer affliction with the people of God, turned away from the pleasing enticements of an earthly court, and consecrated all the energies of his being to the self-sacrificing mission of delivering an oppressed people from the hand of their oppressors, how entirely did his faith rest in the Hearer of prayer. How fully was he prepared to expect that, "By terrible

things in righteousness," deliverance would come to the captive and the prey be taken from the mighty. Great was the trial of his faith and patience, but when surrounded by the children of Israel, he stood upon the shore beyond the Red Sea, whose divided waters they had forded safely, and looking back to ascertain the whereabouts of their pursuers, discovered that Pharaoh and his hosts were utterly overthrown, with what joyful emotions did he offer praise, that "By terrible things in righteousness," prayer had been answered.

Are the dear people of God in this land, praying as Moses prayed? Are they ready to exhibit a similar spirit of obedience to the Divine will? Does not the crisis now upon us demand like precious faith?

AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

A VALUED correspondent, of Alameda, Michigan, under date of Aug. 24th, at the close of a business letter says:

"I wish to ask if there is a Rev. Mr. Van Meter, in any way connected with the Home? A man by that name presented the claims of your society to the different churches in Kalamazoo, a few weeks ago, and obtained a collection of one hundred and twenty dollars for his "Home family," as he called it. I had never noticed his name in the *Guardian*. I will read the acknowledgments closely, as there I shall learn whether you have received the collection above mentioned."

REPLY.—Mr. Van Meter is in no way connected with our Institution, and has never been so connected at any time. He was for several years the agent of the mission at the Five Points, and last year, of a similar mission in the fourth ward, Oliver street. And quite lately, we believe, of a new, and mostly individual enterprise of his own, in New Bowery, contiguous to the other.

We insert the statement of our correspondent, trusting it may elicit a satisfactory explanation to this and similar inquiries coming to us from different sources, and cause the fact to be so well understood that Mr. Van Meter is not connected with the "Home for the Friendless" that such mistakes shall hereafter be avoided.

THE TROY HOME WORK.

Troy, August 18th, 1861.

Dear Sister Bennett,—I have been highly gratified by a visit to the Troy Children's Day Home, (an Industrial School in all but name.) Believing that you and the readers of the *Advocate and Guardian* will rejoice with me in the

knowledge and growth of this good work, I hasten to make you partakers of my joy.

The Children's Home Society, under whose auspices the Day Home is conducted, was organized Oct. 26, 1858. The school was opened in the Ladies' Home Mission rooms, on the 8th of December; 125 scholars were in attendance the first day—so the hearts of its friends were cheered and their hands strengthened for the work which was before them. The Society was incorporated last winter, and through the energy of its Managers, and liberality of its friends, has purchased the paternal mansion of G. Tibbets, Esq., beautifully situated at the head of Congress St., on an elevation that commands a view of the city, the river and adjoining country. The ground is sufficient for a garden and play-ground. The property was valued at \$8000. The owner, G. Tibbets, Esq. gave \$1000 and Mrs. K. V. Hart \$1000; the rest was raised by the untiring efforts of the managers. When I visited this school a year ago my heart was glad and hopeful, in witnessing its prosperity, my faith in God and humanity is strengthened. I thank God that woman has found her social position and the true uses of refinement.

I was gratified in noticing, not only the improvement in the physical condition of the children, but their advance in manners and knowledge. Their teacher, Miss Crooker's love of her work is inspiring to scholars and visitors. The house is commodious and seems as if designed for its present use. I had the pleasure of seeing the children, 91 in number, partake of their dinner of soup, potatoes and home-made bread, in a spacious basement-room. In a cellar, in its rear, is a never-failing spring of excellent water. The arrangements of the kitchen seemed to me economical and sufficient. I admired its grand stove, they said it was the gift of Mr. Stewart, (of stove-renown.) The school-rooms are well-ventilated and the walls covered with maps, the gift of Mrs. J. D. Willard.

Many of the Trojans, who aided us in building and supporting our Home for the Friendless, have been among the most energetic and liberal founders and workers for this Day Home, and it is with gratitude, that I see, that in giving, they have been enriched. To witness the growth of benevolence is cheering at all times, but now we need testimonials of our love of humanity, and faith in the principles of Christ, to convince the faithless that while many are striving to keep the poor in ignorance and bondage, multitudes are striving to enlighten and elevate those who have been despised by the ruling classes both here and in England, though claiming the name of Christians.

God grant that the spirit of truth and love may educate our women for teachers of righteousness, that the love of God, not Mammon, may elevate our sons to places of influence and

honor, and our daughters value character above wealth or position.

We owe a debt of gratitude to our Irish and German brethren for their patriotic defense of the Union and in no way can we repay them, but by self-sacrifice for the temporal and spiritual wants of their families. I was pleased to find that Mrs. C. Willard, and many of the first ladies in Troy have been earnestly seeking to aid the families of volunteers, by employing the women in making up garments for hospital and other purposes for the army.

I hope soon to meet you and other dear sisters surrounded by the children in the Home, thankful for the past, hopeful for the future in full faith that a good God reigns. U.

REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR AUGUST.

Aug. 7th. As the Home children and family are still in the country the building on 30th street appears quite deserted. But the multitudes that crowd upon us on Wednesday are constantly increasing. Many of the poor applicants are wives of volunteers, who have either deserted their families or refuse to send them any portion of their pay. Some are either killed or missing since the last disastrous battle in Virginia. A large number of these destitute people called to-day seeking homes and work. Many cases of suffering and distress were reported to the committee.

As it was understood that the chaplain of the U. S. Chasseurs was desirous of collecting books and other reading matter for the regiment, application was made to the Executive Committee, who made an appropriation of miscellaneous books and Advocates, which were sent, together with a private donation from a manager, and handsomely acknowledged. The committee also visited the regiment at their quarters, Palace Garden, Fourteenth street, and were much gratified with the interview.

Aug. 14th. This day we admitted two children, belonging to one mother, two and five years of age respectively. A girl fifteen years of age also called, who was an orphan, almost destitute of clothing, and on the verge of starvation; provision was promptly made for her protection. A woman, deserted by her husband six months since, desired us to take her two children, the smallest was but a few months old, and still nursing; we could only offer to receive the eldest. For some reason, she was unwilling to leave one, unless both could be taken. We also assisted an aged widow lady, who is well known at the Home and has been previously aided. She has made arrangements to go into the Old Ladies' Home in Twentieth street, as soon as there is a vacancy in that institution.

Among the many applications for temporary homes was a wife of one of the 69th Regiment. She had heard nothing of her husband since

the battle at Manassas, and being entirely destitute of any means of support, we made arrangements to relieve her present wants.

Aug. 21st. A young girl who had lately left the country very unwisely, was brought to the Home by a person who had befriended her but was unable to render her further assistance. She had disposed of nearly all her effects to obtain means for support, and being now entirely destitute, we gave her temporary relief and promised to obtain a home for her in some good family. She has since been taken into the family of a lady, with whom we are acquainted, where she acts as nurse and seamstress.

A clergyman's wife applied for aid, who had four children; her eldest daughter being sick was sent to St. Luke's Hospital. Her husband had been accustomed to disgrace his holy office by acts of intemperance and cruelty. The unfortunate wife was obliged to part with her three other children, but we trust that, though they are without parental guidance, their ultimate welfare will still be secured, by such aid as the Home can bestow.

A respectable young woman called to leave with us the child of her deceased sister. She had herself been taking care of it for some time, but was now unable to do so, being out of employment. A lady from Lynn, N. Y., to-day adopted one of our children. There were a large number of applications for work.

Aug. 28th. Our hall was filled with poor people to-day, we conversed with no less than forty-two persons of all conditions. Among others a young lady left with us a brother five years of age. She had been particularly unfortunate, was not only sick but hungry. It is needless to say that we fed her, and subsequently she was taken into the family of one of our Managers. We sent her little brother to the country with the rest of our children, but words will not suffice to describe the agonizing grief with which they parted.

A disabled seaman, a widower, who was about to go to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, called to leave with us his two children, eight and ten years of age respectively. Another like scene, too harrowing to describe, was witnessed as the poor old sailor bade farewell to his children. Such sights are familiar to us; they are everyday occurrences.

A widow with three children came to us with her sad errand. We consented to take two of them, as the other was too young, but as she seemed undecided what to do, her case was laid over to the next committee day. We gave her some needed infant's clothing from our almost empty Dorcas-room.

We took a child whose father was lately drowned, and the mother left without support.

Another woman represented that her husband was dying with consumption, and that

she wished to give up all her children. We sent a visitor to investigate her case.

A large number of girls in search of places, applied for employment; their names were taken, but we fear but few can be supplied. A Scotch woman came in who was well-known to us. Her husband had enlisted in the army, and being in camp on Staten Island, she desired to visit him, but having no funds, she modestly asked for sufficient to pay her fare there and back as a loan. We supplied her with funds, and also gave her some provisions.

Another party met in the hall as we were leaving the Home, was recommended to the Sisters of Charity and willingly consented to go. Several other cases came to our notice, and we sent, in all, nine children to our temporary Home in the country.

We cannot close this report of the month's labors, without appealing to our numerous friends to assist in replenishing our almost-empty Dorcas-room. We have so little clothing that we are obliged to turn away many worthy poor, reserving the small stock on hand for extreme cases, and even in those, we are obliged to bestow charity very sparingly. We hope, indeed, that our friends will bear in mind that a more than ordinarily-trying season is now approaching. The demands of the families of our country's brave volunteers can be met only by the most strenuous exertions in their behalf.

May we remember that the horrors of war are not alone in the battle-field but on desolate hearth-stones; not in the army hospital but among famishing widows and orphans. To dispense comfort at these firesides, to heal these broken hearts, and to minister to the wants of these widows and fatherless children, is the added duty of the year which Providence has devolved upon the women of America. Do we need an incentive to the task? Let us emulate the example of the mothers of our first revolution.

STATISTICS FOR AUGUST, 1861.

Adults admitted, 6; dismissed, 6; children admitted, 21; dismissed to homes, 19; deceased, 2; No. of adults remaining, 86; No. of children remaining, 101; Total, 187

Number of applicants for assistance found worthy to be aided from Aug. 15th to Aug. 30, 161.

HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL No. 1.

This school re-opened after a short vacation, first Monday in August, with one hundred and thirty scholars. Has had a steady increase until it has reached, some days, two hundred. The average attendance has been one hundred and seventy-five.

A number of our children, although street-girls, who will not attend other schools, are yet not so miserably poor as the large majority. We have visited very many of them in their

homes, and have found much suffering, especially among those whose fathers, and, in some cases, brothers have enlisted in the army. One family in particular, who have always tried to keep their children tidy, told us yesterday, that their children were coming to school without under-garments, whatever could be spared had to be sold to buy bread. This family had formerly quite a number of birds; I inquired for them, and the mother told me, with tears, that they had starved.

In consequence of the pressure of the times, we have reduced the daily quantity of bread received about one half; have required those children whose parents have work and food, to bring their lunch with them daily, and now we have about thirty who do so, leaving an average of 145 still to be fed.

Our sewing has quite given out, we have not enough to last another week; we have mended nearly all the stockings and fitted up every garment that we could find. Some of the girls have improved very much in sewing. A few large girls that came in this summer, and were almost unmanageable—rude, noisy and impudent—are now the most orderly and obedient, always in time for the opening exercises, and pay the utmost attention.

Admitted in August, 48; gone to places, 6; gone to Public School, 4. Average attendance, 175.

Respectfully submitted,

E. M. H.

HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL No. 2

The average attendance of Home School No. 2, for the month of August, has been one hundred and thirty-six. The number of new scholars admitted during the month, thirty.

Among our pupils for the last six weeks, have been two girls, some ten and twelve years of age, belonging to a Jewish family. The oldest girl says they had never read the New Testament until they came to this school. From their first attendance, they seemed much interested in reading and learning verses from the Bible. They have now learned from it to believe in the Saviour as the true Messiah, and seem determined to continue in this belief even against the wishes of their parents, who tell them that it is wrong to depart from the religion of their fathers. Their parents know where they have learned the Bible, but seem willing to let them remain in school. Pray for them, that they may believe to the saving of their souls.

E. R. S.

HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, FOR BOYS, No. 3.

I REJOICE that I have had for six months the privilege of laboring for you, in teaching the poor boys, of this city; trying to sow the good seed among those, who are of more value, at least, than many sparrows.

Our school changes very much, owing to constant removals and other causes. When we look at the scholars lately received, and then at the twenty-five who have been with us since the first month, we have sight, as well as faith, encouraging us to go forward.

One boy of thirteen we have been obliged to expel and six others have been dismissed and recommended to the Ward Schools, they were about the same age, (viz., 13) and had become pretty good readers. The moral and intellectual improvement of those who had been with us for the six months—though much less than we could wish, is such, that we can from the heart say, "Our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Our total number registered, is 251. Now in attendance about 150, greatest number at any one time present, 119. Among our registered parents there are 26 widows. Our average from July 1st, to August 20th, was 90, the two past weeks it has been 98 and 99, showing a constant increase of the school. The only distribution of clothing since our last report was the 9th of August, when we distributed ninety-seven articles, earned by the boys by well-doing.

At this trying time, when clouds and thick darkness shroud our beloved land, when there seems no help but in God, 'tis good to teach these children to love and respect this government; and good to unite with their voices in the petition: "Give us this day our daily bread."

May our Heavenly Father so open the hearts of your donors, that through all these vicissitudes, your association shall still be able to give to those poor little ones, part of the heritage of the Great Master, that the heart-incense may arise to Him, "we are warmed and we are fed."

H. R. S.

FROM OUR HELPERS ABROAD.

Goshen, Aug. 6th, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. B.,—We came to this place yesterday, after resting at Scotchtown over the Sabbath. Saturday, after the preparatory lecture, had a meeting of ladies, to whom we presented our cause, there being only a few that remained, it was thought best not to organize, but to have that matter left to be talked over at the Sewing Society.

We were very kindly entertained by the friends in S., and found there some old and tried friends to the Home and its work of charity. We find it difficult to see all the people on account of the press of business among the farmers, their hay and grain must be garnered; and just now they are very busy.

On Friday last we had a very good meeting at Bullville, in the Methodist Church, Rev. Dr. Wardle's; the pastor's wife presiding. All seemed interested in the work, a club of thirteen subscribers was obtained, and a collection of \$4.07; beside many kind words and good wishes.

In almost every place we visit we find some one who has read the *Advocate* from its commencement. We spend this week in making preparations for next week. Tuesday, at 3 P. M., we hope to meet in the Presbyterian Church. It is quite important that all notices of meetings be given on the Sabbath, as the congregations are so scattered. We are now quite among strangers, and having had some one to pilot us, up to this present time, we feel a little lonely, but go forward, trusting to that Saviour who has hitherto directed our steps. He will never leave us if we abide in Him. We are happy in the work, but need a little more strength for this very warm weather. The heat is oppressive.

We get so little news from home, that we hardly know what is doing at the seat of war, but this much we know, that quiet is not restored. For our beloved country we earnestly pray that God will not destroy it. He has given us a goodly heritage, but our sins are great, and it may be that fearful judgments may be necessary to bring us into that state, which will enable us "to deal justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with God."

We thank you for words of cheer and shall be glad to hear again, for we need counsel and encouragement. With much love to all our dear fellow-laborers, we are,

Yours, sympathizingly,

R. P. P. & E. G.

Florida, Orange Co., N. Y., Aug. 22, 1861.

We had a fine rain last night and now the sun is shedding its cheerful rays over these beautiful hills and vales; what a contrast to the past two days—clouds and threatening storm. I am feeling quite lonely this morning, as my associate has just left to go home and bury her father. While reading the *Tribune* last evening I read the notice of his death, it was some minutes before I could communicate the fact to her, although she knew that he could not last long. Her last letter from home prepared her to expect the sad news, and yet she hoped he would live till we returned from our mission.

We have been laboring during the week as usual. Tuesday afternoon met a few ladies in the M. E. church of Edenville, and presented the wants of the Home. All seemed deeply interested, and we trust some good results will be seen in the future in the way of donations and subscriptions to the paper. The day following a meeting was held in the Presbyterian church at Amity, and deep interest manifested by all present. An organization was decided upon and a club of papers subscribed for, also arrangements made for a meeting to be held at Unionville, on Friday of next week. We have promised to return to these several points another year to gather the fruits. The seed is

being sown now, and we trust that the fruit will be coming in. Why should we doubt? for whenever and wherever the cause is presented, all seem to feel deeply and desire to aid in the good work, and I trust that from every place visited we shall hear again.

Yesterday we reached this village, the day was dark and threatening. At 3 in the afternoon, our meeting convened in the First Presbyterian church (Rev. Mr. Rivers'); there were few present, owing to the weather. We had a good meeting. An effort will be made to get up a club subscription, also to organize a Sewing Society, auxiliary to the parent society. A collection was taken up by a little boy present, which amounted to \$3.25. Mrs. G. and self were to attend a pic-nic of the M. E. church, on this circuit, which will further us on our way, but now I have little heart for festivity, for my thoughts are with her as she is rapidly passing to the house of mourning. May God comfort her, even "as one whom his mother comforteth."

I hope the Society will not become embarrassed, and yet it may be the way in which our Heavenly Father designs to "lead us to perfect our trust in Him." Let us wait and trust, and trust and wait till deliverance comes. Wherever we go we find that our country's peril is the one great topic of conversation. All seem to feel deeply that our help cometh from God only, and that we need to humble ourselves and repent of all our offences. But I must stop.

Yours, in deepest sympathy.

Washingtonville, Sept. 24, 1861.

I have just been reading the *Advocate* of September 21, and find that the printer has made me say some things that require correction. Be assured that my early instructions with regard to the Sabbath, are practised more carefully, year after year, and that no consideration could induce me to appoint a meeting for business on that blessed day. The meeting referred to, was held on Saturday evening. The name Oslin should have been Osborn, and that of Wardel, Wardle. I know that it is sometimes difficult to make out my hieroglyphics, so that the errors named are perfectly excusable.

Since my last, we have met appointments at Goshen and Unionville. At the latter place a goodly number attended the meeting; all seemed deeply interested and ready to do what they could. Quite a number of names were added to the club subscription-list, and a Society organized. A meeting was appointed for the election of officers for the ensuing week. Thus closes the seventh week of our labors in this county; although we have gathered but little, we are not disheartened. We are scattering the seed which may bring forth in coming years.

I have just learned of the death of Miss O. R. Clarke, and a feeling of sadness steals over me, and yet her exchange is full of glory. I called on her the week before I left home; we had a delightful interview. She seemed rejoiced to learn that we were going out on this mission. "I shall pray for you," said she, with great emphasis, "every day;" and as we parted, she took both my hands in hers, and, with upturned eyes, exclaimed: "God bless you, and fit you for the work! Come and see me when you return." But she has passed away—entered into rest. I shall see her no more until my work is done, when I trust we shall meet again. When we have felt sad and dispirited as we sometimes do, the thought that this now sainted fellow-laborer, as well as the dear faithful band at home, were praying for us, has greatly cheered us and enabled us to go on our way joyfully. We are not weary of the work, but sometimes the flesh is weak.

We have found old and dear friends in this place, which is very cheering. The fact that we are known gives us courage in our work. "A good name is better than riches."

Farewell, yours, ever,

R. P. PENFIELD.

Correspondence.

*Co. C., 1st Regiment, Minn. Volunteers.
Camp Seneca Mills, Md., Aug. 10th, 1861.*

The enclosed slip, cut from your paper of the 1st ult, will inform you why I, a stranger, should take this liberty in writing to you. Truly there is hope for the final success of our cause, when such an interest is felt for the moral as well as physical condition of our soldiers by friends at home. I am truly grateful for the opportunity which your paper has given me of perusing such good advice. I shall take occasion to read the same to our boys, and shall be disappointed if the counsel contained therein does not prove beneficial in bringing out some of the latent religious feeling among them. It was our lot to be among those who contested the bloody field near Manassas. And while I was looking upon sky and field, thinking that perhaps I might never again behold them, I could scarcely repress an audible prayer for those around me who seemed indifferent to their fate. I am ever happy to peruse your valuable papers. They come to the soldier from his friends at home, dear on that account, and invaluable for their rich moral and instructive reading. You are also fighting a battle, and thus far a successful one. Through all the difficulties incident upon the commencement of such a work, its influence has been steadily extending until now, the victory is won, and the work is a success. God bless those who fear not to discharge their whole duty faith-

fully, and who labor untiringly for the best interests of mankind.

Hoping that our cause may be as successful in all cases, and that the cause of all disturbance may be speedily eradicated from among us, I remain,

Yours, truly,

GEORGE L. SMITH.

E. Troy, Wis., Aug. 22.

*My dear Mrs. B.—*I want to write to you because it will revive an old acquaintance in my mind, and I would dare hope in yours, which was formed twenty-five years ago this present month. We have been passing along on life's journey all this intervening time, and though but seldom meeting, we have been, I trust, about our Father's work. Your united work of love to God and of good-will to man, I have understood; mine has been too obscure for you to know; I have been with you in your Saturday-night concert of prayer, in your plans for enlarging the Home for the Friendless, your struggles to throw off the accumulated debt, and in your rejoicings when you could say the debt was paid, and yet in an essential sense I have been compelled to feel I was not with you; and now, though I know the children at the Home need food and clothing, our currency in Wisconsin is in such a state I could not, as formerly, send you a small donation which would be available. But if you continue to need aid I will rally and collect enough to make it an object to transmit a draft.

Your paper I circulate wherever I can, that none of the good thoughts which it contains may be lost. Mr. S. is preaching to two small churches in this vicinity, where they have tried to get up a club for the paper, last year, but did not succeed. They prize the paper, and will, I trust, soon be able to have it more generally in their families.

* * * Oh, this dreadful war! Does not the sin of slavery now show its hideous head? May it be crushed out once and forever! In this little village of 500 we have sent a large number to the battle-field. Christians meet to pray, between eight and nine o'clock every morning, that victory may turn on the right side; who can doubt which side it will be?

Yours, ever,

H. T. SEDGWICK.

*Dear Madam:—*A lady this morning gave me a copy of the *Advocate and Guardian*, which I took into my study, carefully perused, and from its contents I became assured that you are doing a great and good work among that class of people for whom I long to labor. And when I found that there were those who were thus willing to labor for Christ's poor, that they might be like him in doing good, I could but fall on my knees and pray that the God of the widow and fatherless would help them, and

that such might live in His smile all the journey of life, and finally be "recompensed at the resurrection of the just." But I wish to do more than this. I want to be a sharer in this glorious work; I want to be a sharer in its rewards. And I will, God helping me, do something to help you bear the burden that must necessarily be borne in prosecuting such a work.

You may think it strange that one who has but just learned of your Society, should feel so much interest for it; but you will not when I tell you that I myself was cast out upon the world, just like many and many a poor boy that you find and that you care for; and, consequently, know from my own experience the power of kindness, and the effect such deeds as you perform, have on the desponding heart. This is why I have such an interest awakened; this is why my prayers shall go up to God that He will prosper the work.

In order to aid your cause, I will, from time to time, as I am preaching the gospel of Jesus to my people, mention your Society, and tell them of the noble enterprise in which you are engaged, and urge them to aid you as much as is in their power, remembering that it is written: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

EDWIN BROMLEY.

South Colebrook, Conn., Aug. 16, 1861.

Conneaut, O., July 24, 1861.

Gone to be an Angel.—Once more I will pen a few lines to you. But, oh, how can I begin. My heart is crushed and my soul is bursting with anguish; the waters of affliction have again been permitted to overwhelm me, and I am almost in despair; my dear adopted boy, my darling, is dead. His remains were on Monday last laid away in the cold grave. He died of diphtheria. O, that dreadful disease! Tongue cannot express, nor imagination paint the agony of our souls for the last ten days. But still he was with us, and we were permitted to minister to his wants. Every wish was gratified. He was the most patient child you ever saw, through his whole sickness. O, if you could have seen that angelic smile that would ever light up his countenance at any expression of grief that might escape me in his apparently stupid moments, for at all other times I wore a smiling and cheerful countenance in order to make the sick-room as cheerful as possible, although my heart was almost bursting with anguish.

About four days before he died, we thought, in one of his sinking moments, that his spirit had fled, and in my abandonment of grief I threw myself beside him and called him, "My dear boy." At that he threw his arms around my neck, and such a smile as he gave I never expect to see again on earth. He said, "Why, mother, did you wake me; I had the best sleep I have had since I was sick." His pa and I

were over him almost constantly for the last ten days; for the last three days and nights we scarcely took our eyes off him, every moment seemed so precious. At one time, the afternoon before he died, I stepped a few feet from his bed, he missed me in a moment and said, "Ma, don't go very far."

The friends (of which we had many) were all very kind. Miss M., his last teacher, watched with him three nights in succession. His teacher and school-mates attended his funeral as mourners. He always said he was not afraid to die, but would like to get well. He had his reason to the last. In the early part of his sickness he wanted his little sister Mary to sing, "I want to be an angel," she sang it twice at his request. He then wished her to sing, "There is a happy land," with a request to repeat at some other time, he said, "Mother, won't you pray for me?" I said, "My dear boy, I pray for you all the time." He replied, "I know you do, for I heard you last night."

About an hour before he breathed his last, he said he saw the angels and heard them sing, and then in a low whisper said, "Sing, 'I want to be an angel.'" Although there were many in the room, all appeared unable to sing. His little sister Mary while holding his hand, commenced, and sang the first verse, and could go no farther. He said, "Sing more." I felt his dying request must be gratified, and went through with the remainder of the hymn myself, which appeared to comfort him. His spirit took its departure at a quarter before eight o'clock, on the morning of the 21st instant, while being rocked (by his request) in his father's arms. The best of medical skill proved in his case unavailing. Our dear, sweet, precious, noble boy, is gone. "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?"

O, pray for us, dear sisters, that this great affliction—this severe chastisement, may prove a blessing to our souls. May it lead us to consecrate ourselves unreservedly and all we have to the cause of God. Although our "hearts are smitten and withered like grass, so we forget to eat our bread," O, may we never for a moment indulge a murmuring thought against the All-wise Being who has sent this desolation upon our once happy home.

Yours,

NANCY LANGDON.

Cleveland, Aug. 12, 1861.

Though personally a stranger to you and the other ladies of the Home, yet, from constantly reading your very precious paper, I feel as if you were all loved friends. The work in which you are engaged is indeed a blessed one, and I esteem it a privilege to aid even by a small contribution. I enclose two dollars for the benefit of the dear little Home children; one was given by six little girls of my Sabbath

school class, who earned the money for this purpose. Some of them I think gave it from love to Jesus, and I am sure He will smile on this little offering. The other dollar is from mother and myself, and we trust that though the sum is small, yet with the blessing of God it may do some good. That the Saviour may still attend your efforts with His blessing, and that His loving smile may cause sunshine in your hearts and along your pathway ever, is the earnest prayer of,

Yours, sincerely,

M. E. ANDREWS.

Portage, July 16, 1861.

Children Caring for the Children.—As we have heard a great deal about the poor children who come to you for relief, we thought it our duty to help you. Louisa and I are going to send something we hope will help you. Louisa will send five cents, and I will send eleven. I hope the Great Giver will bless your well-doings.

My sister and I were very much pleased with the story about "Trust," and I like very much the story about "Woman's Ministry."

I hope that your Dorcas-room will be filled, and your pantry will be stored with good things.

Yours, most truly,

LOTTIE.

OBITUARY.—Some years ago Mrs. Eliza Bliss, of Preston Prairie, Carroll Co., Ill., was constituted a Life-Member of the A. F. G. S., by the children of her own neighborhood. She was truly the "children's friend," and at home and abroad, was ever doing them good. She was one of the first who struggled against the difficulties attending the formation of an auxiliary Society in Mt. Carroll, and was ever faithful to its interests, both when it was popular and when it was not.

Being plain in her dress, simple and child-like in her manners, self-denying and prayerful in her efforts to do good, she, when others failed, could often find access to the hearts, and purses too, of those around her, and although nearly helpless for more than two years previous to her death (from palsy) yet with the aid of a faithful husband interested like herself in your cause, she succeeded in carrying silently many a garment and many a dollar into your Treasury. But the Lord has seen fit, through great physical suffering upon the earth, to prepare her for, and remove her to a higher and more exalted sphere of action, and we are left to inquire, emphatically, "Who can fill the place of sister Bliss?"

(Mrs.) C. G.

DIED, in the village of Albion, Mich., at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Lucy S. French, Mrs. Irene Clark, formerly of Livonia, N. Y., aged eighty-one years.

She was a warm friend of the Home, and the *Advocate* she always hailed as a welcome visitor.

A Card.—By the receipt of a certificate from the Female Guardian Society, I learn that friends in Lowville have constituted me a Life-Member of said Society. Will you allow me, at this late period, gratefully to acknowledge the personal favor, and also their liberality in behalf of the cause in which I feel so deep an interest.

(Mrs.) JESSE PORTER.

Lowville, N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From August 10th to August 25th, 1861.

HOME.

| | |
|---|-------|
| N. Y. —Mrs J. S. Brown, Rochester..... | 2 00 |
| Mrs Henry Hawver, Middleburgh, freight..... | 1 00 |
| A Friend, Lima, freight..... | 25 |
| Mrs A. G. Orton, Lisle..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs N. Randolph, Berlin..... | 40 |
| Penn. —Cash from Philadelphia..... | 20 00 |
| O. —Miss M. E. Andrews and mother, 50c. each, her S. S. class, \$1 Cleveland..... | 2 00 |
| Mrs Lydia King, Conneaut..... | 50 |
| Ill. —“Cora” and her young friends, the result of a Fair and self-denial, Ottawa..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs McKutchen, Mrs C. H. L. Brown, 50c. each, Rushville..... | 1 00 |
| Mich. —Mr B. Hammond, Hillsdale..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs H. W. Rowe, Sharon..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs I. S. French, Albion, freight..... | 1 00 |
| Wis. —Friends in Madison, per Mrs F. S. Sheldon..... | 3 00 |

WIDOWS' FUND.

| | |
|--|------|
| Mass. —A Friend, North Chelmsford..... | 2 00 |
| N. Y. —A Subscriber, Skaneateles, for Mrs M. (Ad. of Aug. 1st.)..... | 2 00 |
| From a Friend, New Grafenburg..... | 2 00 |
| A Friend, per Mrs B..... | 50 |

LIFE MEMBERS.

| | |
|--|-------|
| N. Y. —Mrs L. Hemenway, Skaneateles, to apply on her daughter Josie Hemenway's L. M..... | 10 00 |
| N. Y. City. —Mrs E. A. Beck, to const. herself a L. M..... | 20 00 |
| Pa. —Mr W. C. Gildersleeve, Wilkes Barre, to const. Emma Simpson, Moscow, a L. M..... | 20 00 |

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from August 25th to Sept. 25th, 1861.

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| Conn. —Meriden, box of quilts and clothing from friends, also suit of clothes from a Home child..... | |
| N. Y. —Warwick, bedquilt from Mrs Holbert, package from Mrs Vandervoort, bedquilt, also album-quilt piced by S. S. scholars of Rev Mr Vandervier's Ch. per Mrs R. P. Penfield..... | |
| Collamer, quilt piced by Malvina Baker, 7 years of age, 1 pair stockings from Henry Baker..... | |
| Perry, a box of quilts and clothing from a family, cradle- quilt from Netta and her grandmother..... | |
| N. Y. City. —Clothing from J. A. Perry, boots and shoes and clothing from Mrs R. M. Buchanan..... | |
| O. —Cardington, pork and dried fruit, also a package from friends, per Joseph Morris..... | |
| Ill. —Preston Prairie, clothing and dried corn from Mrs Eliza Bliss, (dec) also package of clothing and quilts from a friend..... | |
| Mich. —Enreka, 2 gold sleeve buttons from Mary M. Woodworth..... | |

NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

MRS. S. A. EVANS, Dealer in Threads, Needles, Corsets, Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Stationery, No. 420 Fourth Avenue, one door from 30th Street, New York. 624

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| Aunt Katie's Talks at Bed Time..... | 25c. |
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Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$——, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

☞ Packages—not letters—should be marked:

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29 East 29th Street, New York.

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A. Chapman, (Healey's Express,) Pier 16, N. Y.

A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when the package was forwarded.

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A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.

Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

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☞ MINISTERS, who occasionally present to their people the claims of the Society, can receive the paper free of charge. We shall be glad to hear from all those now receiving it, as the list is being revised.

☞ Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

☞ Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c. a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

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☞ POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the Subscriber.

☞ BOUND VOLUMES of the Advocate and Family Guardian.—A few copies of each of 1853, 1859, and 1860 are on hand, price \$1 for '58; \$1.25 for '59 and '60, neatly bound in muslin. The postage being 45c., it is better to have them sent by express or private hand.

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

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\$1 a year, (in advance) to Single Subscribers, \$5 (in advance) will pay for Ten Copies sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

Letters designed for publication, should be addressed to the Editor of Advocate and Guardian, 29 E. 29th Street, New York. Box 4740.

Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address Corresponding Secretaries, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740

Letters concerning the Advocate and Guardian, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed MRS. SARAH A. STONE,

29 E. 29th Street,

Box No. 4740.

New York.

The only safe way of transmitting funds, is by draft, payable to Mrs. Sarah A. Stone, Treasurer